# cherry sprite by brookii131

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**Summary:**

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“Tattoos? And what would we be getting, Eds?”

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“SHHHH RICH, YOU’RE GONNA WAKE MY MOM UP!” Eddie Kaspbrak half screamed, giggles blowing his breathe into his best friends face. It smelled like cherry sprite and the cheapest vodka known to man.

“Sorry Eddie, that’s all I could swipe from my dads stash.”

Eddie had scrunched his nose in disgust when Beverly presented the bottle to him. He accused her of trying to kill him, and she had just rolled her eyes, telling him that Richie will take good care of him, a knowing look on her face. The annoying thing about Beverley was that she always knew what everyone else was thinking, sometimes before they even knew they were thinking it.

Talking to her used to make Eddie nervous because it felt like she knew all of his secrets. He got over it quickly though, and decided he loved her a lot. Sure he loved all of the losers, but Beverley was special. Almost as special as Rich.

“Eds, you are the one who’s screaming!” Richie actually whispered, arms wrapping tightly around his smaller friend so he could gently hold his hand over Eddies mouth. “If anyone’s gonna wake up the devil it’s you.”

Richie scolded him, but his scolds never packed a punch. Especially when they were directed towards Eddie. He did knock Eddie out of his mini day dream, or rather a night dream though. Either way, he was sure of two things. Richie was extremely close, and he felt extremely tingly all over.

He pushed himself away from Richie, quickly, too quickly. He felt pretty dizzy and was doing his best to ignore how hard his heart was pounding. It had to be the alcohol getting to him, and on top of that he was really nervous that his mom was going to wake up and kill him and then Richie for getting completely smashed in his bedroom. Yeah he was 18, but that didn’t stop her from micro-controlling him. Her house, her rules. He hated it, but he had to respect it until he had enough money to move out.

“Please come lay with me, the room is spinning.”

Eddie peered over at Richie who was now sprawled across his bed, gangly limbs hogging the entire space.

“Where am I supposed to fit?” Eddie giggled, completely ungracefully bounding over to the bed. It was as if he was trying to clomp with every step, but he couldn’t help it. The alcohol just made him weigh more, at least that’s how he’d always explained it to Rich and the other losers.

Eddie hopped up, laying half on top of Richie and half off the bed. They both laughed and Richie’s hand somehow ended up in Eddies hair, ruffling through it. Eddie couldn’t help but close his eyes and lean into the touch. It felt good to be touched affectionately, even if it was from just a friend.

Eddie opened his eyes and Richie was staring at him. Not just in a normal way. It was... different. His lids were droopy even though from what Eddie could tell, he was definitely wide awake. His lashes were so long and from how close they were, Eddie could count every single freckle on his face. And so he did, 1, 2, 3,... He counted freckles to distract himself from looking down at Richie’s lips that were slightly parted. He absolutely did not notice Rich wetting his lips with his tongue and didn’t think for one second about his heart rate accelerating because of that. He was focused. 16, 17, 18...

“We should...”

“Get tattoos.” Eddie blurted out for no particular reason.

Richie leaned back and peered at Eddie, a look of confusion washing over his face followed by amusement and intrigue.

“Tattoos? And what would we be getting, Eds?”

Eddie panicked. He couldn’t back out now. He’d never particularly loved the idea of a tattoo, but the idea of having a part of Richie branded on him for life was something he could get behind. He just couldn’t believe he was okay with it so quickly, no questions asked about why. The only question is what, and Eddie kind of loved how

supportive Richie was, even with an objectively “bad” decision.

“Well, come on sir! I’m not gettin any younger here! Pip pip, Cheerio, spit it out!” Richie put on his god awful British voice that sadly came out even when he wasn’t drunk, earning a groan from Eddie.

“I change my mind, you’re insufferable. I do not want a permanent reminder of that on my body for life!”

Richie’s eyes went wide, mock shock crossing his face.

“I am hurt! But also happy, because you did just admit to wanting a permanent reminder of me on your body at one point in time.”

Eddies expression softened, his cheeks flushing because of the alcohol, of course! He bit on his lip, nervously looking down to avoid eye contact.

“Not that I’d need it. I’m obviously keeping you around forever, Rich. You’re my best friend. But, it would be fun? I don’t know.. what do you think we should get?”

“How much do you trust me spaghetti man?”

A lot. Eddie trusted Richie a lot.

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“This hurts, ughhhh! When do I get to look? Stop laughing!” Eddie whined while Richie giggled next to him, practically jumping from his chair every time Eddie tried to break eye contact.

“NO! Don’t you dare look down Eds! You’re so close, do not ruin the surprise!” His eyes were pleading and it was really cute.

Eddie couldn’t disappoint that face.

“Fine, but if you made me get some dumbasss “mom” bullshit on my arm in an arrow heart, I will never forgive you.” Eddie huffed dryly, which caused Richie to completely burst into laughter.

“That was my tattoo, and I was thinking about your mom the entire time,” Richie wiggled his eyebrows, clearly hoping for some kind of reaction, but Eddie was immune. The word “mom” coming out of

Richie's mouth was something he learned to just tune out at that point in their friendship. "No worries, you got something way better! You're gonna love it. Remember the whole trusting me thing?"

Richie's expression was impossibly soft and Eddie did remember in that moment. He trusted Richie with his life, so yeah, he did trust him to give him a tattoo that he'd love. Richie knew him better than anyone in the world, aside from Beverley but she's practically a witch with her reading people powers so it wasn't fair to compare. He would know exactly what Eddie could deal with looking at everyday for the rest of his life. Even if Eddie wasn't completely sure of what that could be in that moment.

"All done, you can take a look?" The tattoo artist questioned, looking to Richie for approval.

"WAIT! Let me put mine by yours, then you can look! Just, watch my eyes okay?!"

Richie crouched beside Eddie, holding out his arm so their forearms were touching. His eyes were dancing with excitement the entire time, not even blinking as he positioned it perfectly, momentarily glancing down to make sure everything looked right. Eddie felt like he was in a trance. He liked being able to stare at Richie and having an excuse to do so.

"Okay, you can look now!" Richie squealed with excitement.

Eddie almost didn't want to. The moment was so nice and he had never seen Richie so happy. He could smell Richie's breathe from their proximity, cherry sprite and cheap vodka. He knows exactly what that tastes like in his mouth, but wondered for a second what it tasted like in Richie's. Then he snapped back into reality.

His eyes dropped down, along with his jaw when he was met with the tattoo. It was relatively small and in the center of his forearm. That much he already knew. He felt it go on so he had an idea of size and placement. It was what it was that completely surprised him in the best way.

"Los(V)er" was etched onto him for life. And Richie. They had gotten

the exact same tattoo.

Eddie was overcome with emotions, so much so that his eyes watered, bringing him back to his first encounter with “los(v)er.”

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“It looks so stupid,” Eddie sniffled, red cheeks tear stained so he couldn’t hide that he’d been crying, “I’m such a loser I don’t even know why I’m trying to hide it.”

“Hey, we’re all losers Eds, don’t cry! It’s gonna be okay. I think it looks awesome now. Everyone else is gonna think it’s awesome too!” Richie promised, crossing Eddies bedroom to hug him.

That only made Eddie come completely undone, crying from the pain of his broken arm, and the embarrassment of loser with a red V that he attempted to color over the word being on his cast.

Richie was wrong about people thinking it was cool, and in fact, it had earned a lot of laughter and jokes at Eddies expense. So much so that Richie decided to take some of the heat.

After a day of people laughing at Eddie, Richie showed up to school with a cast of his own and Los(v)er drawn on his as well. It was a real cast at all, but a makeshift one that he made out of a tube sock and a couple of sharpies. Eddie has never felt so loved. From that day forward they were in it together. Richie wore the fake cast up until the minute Eddie had to have his removed. Anytime Eddie thought about how much Richie cared about him, enough to do that for months, his stomach erupted into butterflies and he let his mind go places.
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“Richie, I-“

“You hate it so much you’re crying?!” Richie looked panicked.

“I love it, Rich.” Tears streamed down Eddies face and he couldn’t be bothered to care. He loved it so much, it was so meaningful and it was theirs. His and Richie’s and no one could take that from him. He loved the tattoo, he loved Richie. “I love you.” He blurted, eyes going

wide along with Richie's.

"I love you too Eddie."

"I know, but I love you." Eddie felt brave. It was a night of bold gestures, so he decided that one from him was necessary too.

He did what his drunk mind was telling him to do. What every butterfly, tingly, and heart pounding moment had demanded of him since he had met Richie Tozier. He grabbed Richie's face, ignoring his stinging forearm, and cradled his cheeks, leaning forward quickly to connect their lips.

The kiss was quick and hasty, and Eddies hands were trembling, but he fucking did it. Holy shit, he really fucking did that.

"I'm sorry-" he started, realization hitting him. He couldn't believe that he'd done that. What if Richie hated him for it, what if he had just ruined everything.

"Eddie," was all Richie said before taking it upon himself to lean back in for another. The only difference being that Richie's lips were sure of themselves, and more desperate. The kiss was longer and needy and Eddie couldn't help but gasp. Richie pulled back, his eyes hungry and his lips covered in a glossy sheen.

"If I had known a tattoo was all it was going to take to get a kiss then I would have done this ages ago." Richie joked too quickly and Eddie covered his flushed face in embarrassment.

"You are the worst. I hate you. I revoke everything I said earlier, you're the worst."

They giggled together as they left the tattoo parlor, still a little tipsy, but not enough to avoid the conversation about what that kiss was and what it meant.

"Sooo... what happened back there." Eddie started only to be completely cut off by Richie.

"Was amazing and I would like to do it all the time." He declared, a wide grin stretching across his face.

“Really?” Eddie tried his best to believe it. It was like his mind was letting up a barrier it had created and he was beginning to connect the dots. Maybe they’d always been more than friends and he just couldn’t see it because he was scared.

“No, you’re gross and you taste like alcohol.”

“Hey, you didn’t taste anything! We didn’t even use tongue!” Eddie protested and immediately knew it was a trap.

“You’re right, maybe we should fix that?”

Richie’s eyes were wild and before Eddie could even process the moment entirely they were face to face, Richie’s arms wrapped around his waist. There was a question in Richie’s eyes and Eddie answered it by closing the space between them.

Their kiss was hungry. All teeth and tongue and nips and even a few giggles. They were completely happy and clinging on to each other desperately, hands searching the others body in the most affectionate way. Eddies fingers tangled in Richie’s hair and Richie’s danced at the hem of Eddies t-shirt. They were the perfect picture of young love.

Richie pulled back momentarily, looking down at Eddie with the expression of complete adoration.

“I love you too, y’know.”

“I know.” Eddie smiled up at him, flushing because he had always known that Richie loved him in some way. He was just happy to know that it reciprocated his feelings.

“Oh shit, are we cursed now?” Richie’s expression was mocking but also a bit nervous. Eddie raised his brows in question.

“Couples who get matching tattoos always break up... or so they say.” Richie was getting more and more serious and Eddie couldn’t hide the amused look coming across his face.

“Who said we’re a couple?”

“I was getting there!” Eddie swore Richie was blushing. He couldn’t tell because it was dark, but he was sure it was there.

“We’ll ask Bev, but I think we’ll be okay. You’re stuck with me for life, Tozier.”

“So that’s a yes then?” Richie teased, squeezing at Eddies hips.

“That’s a shut up and kiss your boyfriend before he starts thinking about how you branded him with unremovable red ink for life!” Richie laughed loudly, almost completely closing the space between their bodies.

“Anything for my Eds!” And Richie did just that, anything for Eddie.

**Author's Note:**

> thank you for reading! this one is very close to my heart and cute. I love the idea of them getting matching tattoos and I tried them kinda drunk, but just sober enough for a tattoo shop to realistically let them do it!